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SEQUEL
TO OLD JOLLIFFE
By the author of 'A Trap
To Catch 'A Sunbeam
'THE DREAM CHINTZ'
'THE STAR IN THE DESERT'
SUNBEAM STORIES
&C. &C.

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THE GIFT OF
HENRY GARDNER DENNY,
Of Boston, Mass.

(Class of 1852.)

Received 13 Dec., 1860.

THE SEQUEL
TO
OLD JOLLIFFE:

WRITTEN IN THE SAME SPIRIT,

BY THE

Same Spirit.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM,"
"ONLY," &c.

Mrs. M. Planché Mackenzie

"He that is without sin among you, let him first
cast a stone at her." — St. John viii 7

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.
1855.

224 ~~13~~ 1860, Dec. 13.
Gift of
35 Henry G. Jenney Esq.
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THE SEQUEL

TO

OLD JOLLIFFE.

It isn't a fine afternoon, and yet it isn't a wet one. It has been a very hot day, and gray clouds are rolling up all round with a tinge of rose color on their edge ; and the people pass tranquilly along, glad that the burning sun has gone, and yet looking up at the murky sky in expectation of a shower ; and the breeze is whispering mysteriously, as though it said, " Hush ! listen ! it's coming ; " and windows are all wide open, and the few plants, placed, some in their bright, red flower-pots, are looking dry and thirsty, the leaves bending down to the parched mould ; and the passengers saunter

through the dusty streets silently ; and the omnibuses, with their jaded horses, go lumbering past, full inside of fat women, each with a child, and outside with men eating oranges and smoking segars. But in the narrow street that mysterious breeze cannot come, and it is insufferably close. The poor people are sitting and standing outside their doors, with their children holding by their gowns, for it is too hot to play, sucking "sugar-stick," as in that neighborhood it is the fashion to call it. One little dwelling is much more clean and much less wretched than the others ; it has a window, (not stopped by a hat or a bit of paper,) and a nice muslin curtain in the window, and the square piece of flag-stone at the door is very white, and the door, propped open with a brick, discloses a well-scrubbed passage. No one is standing about that house, but in the little room a cosy party is assembled. A man, just returned from work, very hot,

very tired, but very cheerful; a woman, singing to a very ugly, very noisy, but very happy baby! a boy with a huge pair of scissors, clipping paper, seated on the ground with his fat legs crossed, screaming through the baby's noise to his father, and making anxious inquiries as to whether he does not look like a tailor; and in the corner, on a stool, is a little girl, very pale, very sad, but very pretty, in a black cotton dress, nursing a black kitten, and occasionally murmuring in a low voice, "Poor pussy;" — and they are thus severally employed, when a tap at the door makes Mrs. Morris say, "Morris dear, there's some one knocking;" though why she said it I can't say, for Morris is'nt deaf, and therefore he must have heard the knock as well as she did: it must be a new way of saying, "Go and answer it," for Morris says to the boy, "Dickey, there's some one knocking," and down go the great

scissors, and away go the fat legs into the passage, and a cheering, kindly voice is heard, and the feeble step of an old man, joined to the little, pattering feet of the young child, and Dickey comes back hand in hand with Jolliffe. O, what exclamations of delight! Mrs. Morris steps eagerly forward; Morris hastily removes his cap, and offers him a seat; and little Dickey gallops about in a perfect ecstasy. Jolliffe takes the seat gladly, for he is tired, yes, actually tired: he carries a stick too,—and the wrinkled hand he holds out to his humble friends, shakes; for last winter has shed its snows upon his head, and the hair is whiter now; yet that face, beaming with the bright hope of an eternal spring, heeds not the winter's snow, and his joyous laugh, though it is not loud, is hearty still. “Well, how are you all, my good friends? It's a long while since I paid you a visit.”—“It

is indeed, sir," says Morris ; " we was only a-talking about you last night, and my old woman says to me, ' If we don't hear nothing of Mr. Jolliffe, we'll go down a Sunday, that we will, for I'm afeard he's ill.' And I says, ' So we will,' didn't us, Polly ? " — " That we did, Richard, and we meant it too. How have you been, sir ? " — " O, as well as an old man like me can expect to be ; the frost nipped me up a bit in the winter, and I haven't been so well since." — " You didn't seem quite so hearty, sir, last time we saw you, and that's going on, sir, for four months." — " So it is, so it is, Mrs. Morris ; you do me honor, remembering the date of my visits so well." — " We can't help rememb'ring on 'em, sir," says Morris, " for they always does us good." — " Thank you ! thank you ! I wish I could come and see you oftener : but, between you and me, I think this will be about my last visit. It's

too far for me now, and this gay town is too bustling, the noise confuses the old man's head: besides, his time is taken up in preparing for a longer journey;" and he smiles one of his own rich smiles, but the Morrisses don't; it's no smiling matter to them to be reminded that they must lose the best friend they ever had, — to be reminded that that kind old man cannot live forever, to cheer them with his happy face, and, with his good counsel and better example, keep them in the right path: and there is a pause. Mrs. Morris strokes the curls of her child's hair; Morris twists his cap in a thousand shapes; and even Dick ceases his merry games, and with his large blue eyes looks up in the old man's face; but the clouds are very light which obscure the sun in Jolliffe's presence, and he says in his cheerful voice, "Why, Morris, you've a little stranger here. Who's that pretty little girl? Not another

of yours, eh?" and then he laughs, and a laugh is so catching, particularly Jolliffe's, that they all laugh. "No, sir, not exactly, but we're a-going to call her so, because, you see, sir," and he lowers his voice as he speaks, "poor little Lucy ain't got no one else to call her their child." Though he did speak lower, Lucy heard him, and her under lip shook violently, and something like a dewdrop rested among the kitten's black hairs. "Come to me, pretty one," says Jolliffe. The child looked up for the first time; she could not distrust that face and that voice; and putting down her cat, she ran fairly into his arms, and burst into tears. "She's only just lost her father, sir, poor thing!" says Mr. Morris. — "O, she can't help crying a little, I know; but she won't long, with Old Jolliffe," and he takes the child's head between his hands, and kisses her forehead, and then he says,

“Look there, darling, do you see where those clouds are clearing away, a bit of blue sky; well, far above that pretty sky, there is One who is a father to all good little girls, and can do much more for them than any earthly one; for though you can’t see him, he can see you, and follows and takes care of you wherever you go; and if you are good, he will send away all your troubles, like those heavy clouds, and make your little eyes as bright as that blue sky, and you will be so happy.”

What words are these? — something quite new to Lucy. Many have been kind to her, but they have called her “poor child,” and murmured “what would become of her?” but they said nothing of this kind friend who was to be so good to her. The very wonder stops her weeping, and she looks up in that cheerful face again, and presses nearer to him, with the tears still wet upon her cheeks, yet

ceasing to flow — as if she would hear more ; — and Jolliffe takes her on his knee, and asks her “if she was ever in the country.” She doesn’t know, but Mrs. Morris says, “she never was; that she was a weaver’s child, and lived in Spitalfields all her life till within a twelvemonth of her father’s death. When they had taken the room up stairs, he lost his work, and they had lived mostly upon charity, and what bit we could afford to give them — it wasn’t much, sir, not near enough — and the poor man fell ill, and grew weaker, till last week he died ; so we’re going to let her live along with us. I dare say we shan’t be none the poorer. A lady was with him when he died, and gave Lucy her dress, and shoes and stockings, and such like.” — “Ah! very kind,” says Jolliffe, “and so are you kind, truly kind. But you’ve enough to keep ; now I’ve got no one to keep but myself, and I shall like this little creature for my companion, if

you'll part with her ; but if you'd rather not, and she'd rather not, why I'll leave her with you, and send up a little matter or so, just to keep her in plum pudding." — "Why, sir," says Morris, "we love the poor child very much ; but, as you say, we have a plenty to keep, and we should rather as some one had her as she'd be more comfortable with, and I'm sure she'd be happy with you, sir ; so if she's a mind to go, sir, we're quite willing she should." — "What do you say, Lucy," asks Mrs. Morris gently to the child, "will you go and live with this kind gentleman ?" Lucy looked all round the room, at the children, at the stool beside the fire, at the little black kitten, and lastly in Jolliffe's face, — that kind, honest, cheerful face, — and throwing her arms round his neck, and burying her head in his bosom, murmured, "Go with you, if pussy may come too." — "Pussy ! Lord bless us ! that she may," and Jolliffe

laughs immoderately, so much that I suppose it has caused those tears in his eyes ; and he hugs little Lucy closer to him, and says such funny things about " putting both she and pussy in a basket, and directing them to be carried this side upwards — with care," that Lucy begins to laugh too, and jumps down to catch pussy, and Mrs. Morris laughs, and begins to look for a basket and Lucy's bonnet and shawl, and Morris laughs and rubs his hands, and Dickey laughs, though he doesn't at all know why, and the baby thumps on the table with a bone, as if she understood it all, and was applauding Jolliffe's wit.

And now Lucy is ready, for her wardrobe she carries on her back ; and Jolliffe shakes hands with all, and slipping some money into Morris's hand, leaves the cottage with his little charge, who, though pleased at the novelty, is half inclined to cry at parting with

her first friends. And away trudge the old man and the young child, chattering all the time about the shops and the people, and occasionally stopping to peep in the basket and see how pussy is getting on, till at length they see the omnibus, and, as Lucy's never been in an omnibus, she is perfectly enchanted, and jumps on the seat and off the seat, and puts her head out of window to watch the wheels turning so quickly, and stoutly persists in saying the houses and trees are all running away from them, greatly to Jolliffe's amusement. And now they are on the common. O, how she claps her little hands at that sunny common! — the poor child, whose life had been passed in a close room, in a narrow, dirty street, without one glimpse at the green trees and blue skies, scarcely feeling Heaven's own healthful air. How she longs to get out, and stretch her young limbs with a race on the nice green

grass ! and how pleased Jolliffe is that she is pleased ! and he assures her that she shall run there every day if she likes, "but she can hardly believe that that is true." Then listen to her shriek of delight when she finds herself close to that sparkling river, and Jolliffe lifts her out of the omnibus, and into that cottage, covered with roses ; but her delight is nothing to the servant's astonishment when she sees little Lucy, and her master says "she is come to live with them ;" but she's very pleased too with such a pretty charge, and leads her into the parlor, where the tea-table is drawn to the open window, and every thing is so neat and comfortable, and so unlike any thing Lucy ever saw before, that she is dumb with astonishment. But before tea is half over, the little creature is chattering gayly ; and it is a sight worth looking at — Jolliffe and his little friend at their pleasant meal. The old

man cutting her bread and butter with his trembling hand, and pouring her tea out in the saucer. No nurse could be more careful of her charge. And then they introduce the cats to one another — Jolliffe's old pussy and Lucy's little frisky kitten — and they each have some milk, the kitten drinking his first, and then intruding on the old one's, who gives him a tap, at which the kitten mews, and turning away indignantly, his attention is attracted by a piece of paper, which serves him amply for amusement, while the venerable lady curls her tail round her nose, and is soon fast asleep. Then the servant fetches away the tea-things, and Jolliffe takes Lucy on his knee, and they have a quiet chat. "How old are you, dear?" — "Seven, I think," says Lucy. — "Bless me! you don't look so old as that. You weren't living at the Morris'es' the first day I went there, that's three years ago come the twenty-seventh

January." — "We were only there a little time, I don't know how long; they said it was a little time, but it seemed long to me, for I never used to go out, or do any thing but sit by the side of father; and sometimes, when he was asleep, I used to creep to the window to hear them out a doors a-playing. I couldn't see 'em, 'cause I wasn't big enough to look out; and one day when I came back to the bed, father was so still, and looked so strange, that it frightened me, and I screamed out, and then Mrs. Morris came and took me away, and they wouldn't let me see father any more. Shall I never see him any more?" and the lip begins to tremble again; Jolliffe knows that that will end in a cry, so he quickly answers, "Yes, yes, dear, to be sure," and then changes the subject by pointing to a steamer, which comes hissing and panting past, with its load of passengers, and its band so deliciously out of tune, making a

long crack in that glassy river. The tears which were about to start vanish like lightning, and again the child's joyous, musical laugh gladdens the old man's heart. Jolliffe doesn't like steamers; they are too bustling, too noisy for him, but he quite loves this one, for bringing back that merry laugh, so he takes note of its name; it is the Diamond packet; and as it passes up and down every day, it will be sure of a smile from Jolliffe, and that's worth having, let me tell you. And now it is getting dusk; above that long ridge of rose-colored clouds left by the rays of the setting sun, a little star has started forth. A shepherd passes with his drove of sheep, and faithful dog, leading them to their fold; a bird goes rushing by on its swift wing, to seek its nest; the water fowl crouch in the tall weeds; the little flowers close their petals heavy with dew; and the laboring men go slowly past, their rakes and hoes

across their shoulders, to seek the early rest which fits them for the morning's work ; and — Jolliffe rings the bell for Jane, for his companion is sleepy and tired with excitement ; she has gazed from that window on the objects so new and pretty, till her eyes are weary, and she is quite willing to go to bed. As she affectionately kisses her kind benefactor, he asks her whether she says her prayers, for he should like to hear her. "I only remember a little word," she answers innocently," but I always say that, 'cause father said I was, he couldn't remember any more." — "Say it then, my dear, and I'll teach you the rest." The child knelt down, and with the newly risen moon in its pale beauty shining on her innocent face, murmured "Our Father" — It was all she knew. Jolliffe lifted her from her knees, and impressing a fervent kiss on her forehead, gave her gently to Jane, who carried her to bed. She's

to sleep with Jane, in Jane's cosy bed with the white dimity curtains all round, and the snow-white sheets; and it's such a nice room, with a lattice window looking out on the garden, and a vine peeping in at it; and there's a table with Jane's glass and pincushion on it, and Jane's trunk and bandbox in one corner, and an old chest of drawers in the other; and Jane clears the bottom drawer for Lucy's things, and carefully places the little frock and shawl in it; and putting aside the curtain, that the moon may lighten the room, she leaves the child to her peaceful slumbers, with strict instructions to call her if she wanted any thing, for she'll "leave the door ajar a purpose," and a promise to come to bed as soon as master's had his supper. Yet, twice before that time arrived, Jane crept up to peep at the little girl, for fear she should be frightened in the strange room, but found her fast asleep, one small hand outside the

clothes, the other thrown over her head, her cheek flushed with its pressure on the pillow. How lovely is a sleeping child ! It seems to be dreaming of Heaven and its angels, as it lies there in its holy helplessness ; but such are childish dreams, and vanish with youth. The heaven of hope and trust passes away, and the cold, suspicious world rises in its stead.

A splendid morning greeted little Lucy, on her first awakening in her new abode, and she got up when Jane did, and delighted herself by getting a duster, and imagining she was of the greatest possible service to Jane ; and then she scampered into the garden and back again into the house, and then took her kitten out, and picked a nosegay for old Jolliffe, and, in short, was'nt still a moment till he came down to breakfast. How he rejoiced to see a tinge of color on her pale cheeks, and the evident relish with

which she demolished a basin of bread and milk! "If the Morrisises could see her this morning," he thought, "would'nt they be pleased? One could scarcely believe it was the same child I saw on that stool." And after breakfast, he gives orders to Jane to buy Lucy what clothing she wants; and when Jane's done her work, Lucy is to go with her into the town, and choose her own things. She's almost too happy. And then the good old man gives her her first reading lesson; she knows her letters, and his gentle teaching wiles her on till she becomes interested in the generally dull task, and henceforth looks forward to it with pleasure, for there are no cross looks at little mistakes, but a kind "Holloa, Missy!" which causes a great laugh, and then they both laugh, till they are obliged to hold their sides, instead of the book. Lucy is such a merry little rogue. But Sunday is the great treat, for

Jolliffe has invited the Morrisises, every one of them, to dinner, and they're coming, too. Lucy counts the minutes till that happy day, and a nice, fine day it is. To add to the delight till it becomes a perfect rapture, she's to wear all her new things and go to church with Jolliffe ; she thinks half past ten will never come, but it does, and away they go, Jolliffe with his large Prayer Book beneath his arm, leaning on his stick, little Lucy trotting by his side ; and as he meets the neighbors, they respectfully accost him, and one relieves him of his book, another offers his arm to assist him along, and to all he tells Lucy's little history. And now arrived at the church, the beautiful church, with its ivy-covered porch and venerable yews, we will leave them in that holy place to pay their homage to the Giver of all good, who has so bountifully blest them both, and change the scene from the quiet village to

the noisy town. What a bustle the Morrisises are in ! Dickey's got a pair of white cotton gloves, for the first time in his life ; Jemima a new frock, made out of an old one of mother's, and she coaxes Morris out of two-pence for a bit of gimp to trim it, and sat up till twelve o'clock to finish it ; and how proud she is of her child, as she fastens it on ! how she kisses its little ugly face, till her husband says, " Come, Polly, leave off a-kissing that child, or we shall lose the omnibus." — " But don't it look a dear, in its new frock, Morris ? " — " Yes, most as handsome as its mother ; but if I was to keep on a-kissing her, we should never get to Mr. Jolliffe's." — " No more we should'nt," says Mrs. Morris, highly pleased with the compliment, which it was, by the way, rather foolish of Morris to pay her, for she was considerably longer putting on her bonnet, and turning about the bit of broken glass, which

would *not* take in the rim after all. But at last they're off, — Morris carrying Jemima, for she can't walk fast enough, Mrs. Morris walking with Dickey, — and they're just in time for the omnibus, and in they get, and are soon over the noisy stones, and on to the quiet high road. When they come to the fields, Dick sadly wants to get out and pick the wild flowers which are wreathing themselves among the green leaves, but his mother assures him that if he did, the omnibus would go on without him, as they're not in the habit of waiting while little boys pick flowers, and that there will be plenty where they're going to, so he consented to remain a little longer in a tolerably quiescent state. And presently the omnibus stops, and the cad says, "Here ye are, mum," and out they get, scarcely knowing the little girl who, in a pretty white frock, and a black sash, is waiting to receive them; but there is no

mistake about who it is, when her arms are wound tight round Mrs. Morris's neck, and warm words of welcome flow from the heart of the little grateful child. In a few moments they are comfortably settled in the parlor, and have been introduced to an old lady, only to be equalled by Jolliffe in love and charity and good will towards man. She lives on a small, very small income, in lodgings close by; she had known better, much better days, and along the road, she had once rolled over in her carriage, she walks in pattens as cheerful and contented still. She had been well educated, and Jolliffe treated her with the greatest respect, for he felt her superiority, and was most proud that she called him her friend. But she, like the Master she humbly strove to imitate, was no respecter of persons; all were her friends, and brothers, and sisters, who did their best to work His will; and she looked

round her with a kindly smile on her humbler companions as she marked their perfect happiness. But, bless me! what a grand dinner Jolliffe is going to give his guests! — a couple of chickens, a boiled leg of pork and peas, and a cherry and currant tart! Dickey couldn't help saying, "O my!" In all his little life he never saw such a dinner! The appearance of it has a wonderful effect on all their spirits, and they all begin to talk at once; but Jolliffe rises, and his feeble voice silences their noisy mirth for an instant. He has risen to say grace; and even the children listen attentively, as he pronounces with so much feeling the beautiful petition, "Lord, supply the wants of others, and give us grateful hearts." There is silence after his low tones have ceased for a moment; but when the first plate is filled, the signal is given, and there is a continual race between the knives and forks, and the

talking and laughing, till the cloth is cleared. Then they draw their chairs to the open window, and sundry teaspoons walk round and round sundry tumblers containing sugar and water, and the children, after having a sip out of every glass, go out in the garden and amuse the sober old ones with their merry games. Dickey and Lucy try to carry Jemima sedan chair, and they lose their footing, and down they all go on the grass, hailing their fall with shouts of laughter, for it would have been no fun at all had they succeeded in carrying her. Then Jemima hides behind the wheelbarrow, as she thinks, though her curly locks can easily be seen above it, but they pretend they can't find her, so it's just the same as though they really couldn't, and so the happy children laugh and run till their little cheeks are like the well known sign at Brentford, and they come in so thirsty, that, as Mrs. Morris says,

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"Surely they'll drink the sea dry." And now they prepare to go, for it's a long distance, and Jemima's very sleepy. They're soon ready, the first omnibus is stopped, and I am sure people who had more thoroughly enjoyed themselves never went home in an omnibus. Lucy is sent to bed, and then Jolliffe and his guest have a quiet, cheerful chat in their own quiet cheerful way, and the stars come forth and peep at them, and wink at them too, as much as to say, "Ay, ay, old folks! you are a long way off now, but you'll be much nearer some day." Miss, or, as she is called by courtesy, Mrs. Francis is very fond of a joke, — nothing boisterous or noisy, but honest fun, — and now she has told Jolliffe some tale of by-gone days, and they are laughing heartily, and then they talk of London and its gayeties, and how different it was when they were young, and of the old king they both remembered so well ;

and Jolliffe says how, when he was a boy at Windsor, the king spoke to him, asked him what he learnt at school, and he said to "fear God and honor the king," and how proud he was when the king answered, "Sharp lad ! Sharp lad ! he'll get on." And then they talk of Hampton Court, and its beautiful pictures, and Mrs. Francis says she went there when a child with a large party; and one of them was a Quaker, who said he wondered people gave large sums of money for pictures, and curiosities, when they had only to look out of window at the stars, and they were finer than any thing that could be bought, and she continues, "I sometimes have a great wish to see the fine things they make in London, and wish I could afford to go there, and then the Quaker's words come to my mind, and I look out upon the stars and am satisfied, for there's sure to be a brighter one than I have ever seen before."

Thus do they talk and laugh till the church clock strikes nine, and then the old lady takes her departure, after assuring Jolliffe she's been vastly entertained, and shall come again soon. Then Jolliffe takes his supper and goes to bed, — the Sabbath day has passed ; — are there not some who will criticize the way that Jolliffe spent it ? “ He has made merry,” they will say, “ been but once to church, laughed and talked ; would you have *us* follow such an example ? Yes, if your mirth was pure as his ; if your laugh rung out from as pure a heart filled with all good and holy feelings : if your devotion was as deep, your actions made others as happy. The birds cease not their song on the Sabbath day, nor the bees their cheerful hum, nor do the flowers cease to blow. Why, then, should man alone, of all created beings, silence his mirth when he has the most reason to be glad ? No, no, let the good and

Christian man shed, like the glorious sun, a cheering influence on all, let his laugh be heard by all, for it is but from the pure and happy heart a real honest laugh can ever come. Jolliffe is gone to bed, and to say Jolliffe is gone to bed, means Jolliffe is gone to sleep, for no sooner is his head upon the pillow than his eyes are closed in slumber. And all in the quiet village are slumbering too ; and the quiet stars keep twinkling on ; and the gentle river murmurs to its banks, like a mother to its weary infant ; and all is calm and peaceful. But beyond the village about half a mile, is a wretched cabin, from which peace and happiness seem too scared ever to return ; and the stars blind their eyes with a black cloud that they may not see the misery within. In one corner of the filthy unwashed floor are lying asleep a man and woman, covered with a few dirty rags ; in the opposite one a young lad is stretched

awake gazing on a female form seated on the ground, her hands clasped round her knees, and her eyes fixed on vacancy, the very emblem of despair. The hard breathings of the sleepers alone disturb the almost awful silence, till at length a long-drawn sigh from the young man caused the girl to look up; then turning away her head, she rocked herself backwards and forwards. "Don't, Emma," he says in a hoarse whisper, "don't do that; you'll drive me mad. My eyes ache for the want of rest; and how can I, if you keep doing that? I've watched you for an hour; I can't sleep till you do. Go to sleep, wont you?" A shake of the head was the only answer. "Speak, Emma, can't you?" She points to the sleepers. "They won't hear you; nonsense! they're sound enough. Aint you sleepy?" — "No, Jem," at length she says, "but I'll try to be quiet; are you sleepy?" — "Very. Good night! I wish you'd

try to sleep, Emma." — "Never, never!" and unloosing her hands from her knees, she flung her arms round the young man, and burst into tears. "Poor girl! poor girl! don't take on so; put your head here on my arm, and go to sleep. Come, hush! hush, Emma!" and as he consoled her, his eyes, weighed down with sleep, closed, and in a few moments, but one was waking in that wretched hovel.

Day broke, and the poor girl shivered and crept closer to her brother. Day, with its soft, fresh breeze and pleasant sounds looked in at the window, and revealed the faces of its inmates. Misery and vice had ploughed deep furrows in the faces of the two elder ones, but the young boy and girl were very handsome—the girl, alas for her! was beautiful. Her black eyes, though heavy for want of rest, were large and lustrous; her hair was long, and of a deep brown, but it hung now

in rough disorder about her pallid face ; and her beautifully formed lips were thin and colorless. The lad still slumbered, and she, poor thing ! was dropping into a fitful sleep, when a distant clock slowly chimed the hour. She started from her recumbent posture, and looked for an instant at the boy in his deep repose, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, "James, it's gone five ; get up, boy, you've a long way to go." — "Eh ? meat, where ?" said the boy, rubbing his eyes. — "No, no, Jem, you're dreaming. Remember, to-day's the last chance." — "Don't bother, Emma, I haven't been asleep a minute. I'd rouse up for a good dinner of meat — nothing else. Ha ! ha !" Was that meant for a laugh ? O, it was a very hollow one ! it wasn't one of Jolliffe's laughs. No ! no ! not a bit like it ! And again he lies down, and in another moment he is snoring heavily, and Emma clasps her hands, and sighs, and that sigh

told with its sad, low hushing sound, of the weight of grief which hung over the frail but repentant girl. And again there was stillness in the little hut, but it grew lighter and lighter, and the little birds sang out loudly their morning hymn, and the breeze whispered lovingly to the little flowers, as they looked up with their pretty faces at the clear sky ; and a wagon, laden with goods for the London market, went lumbering past ; and in short, Day seemed to be waking up, and stretching itself with a great yawn. At length Emma once again essayed to wake the sleeper, and this time was successful ; but he roused himself angrily, and replied not to the questions she repeatedly asked him, during his hurried toilet, and without one word, left the hut, slamming the door behind him. Emma gazed at the closed door for a few seconds, and uttering another long deep-drawn sigh, turned to the sleepers and

awoke them. "You told me to wake you," she said, as the man gruffly asked her what she wanted. — "O! ah! yes! come on, Charlotte! I dreamed we were at home." The woman rose, and taking down a bent straw bonnet from a peg, handed a bundle to her husband, and prepared to leave the cabin, where they had obtained a night's rest. "There, missus," said the man, "is twopence halfpenny; it's all we has, so we can't give you no more." — "Thank you for that; it's the first money I've taken for days. But," she said, suddenly checking herself, "it's all you have, I can't take it. There, give me half. Half of twopence halfpenny." — "No, thank you! I'm going to put on my wooden leg, and whiten the old woman's face presently, and we shall get double and treble that. Come on, Charlotte! Good morrow, missus." And the beggars left the hut, to ply their trade in the London streets

and along the road, to be pitied by thousands, well paid for their clever acting, leaving true misery behind, with no eye but *One* to gaze on and pity it. Emma stood for a moment with the money in her hand, and then laying it on the shelf, murmured, "No, I couldn't eat it if I had it; perhaps he'll be hungry, he can spend it. If I'd any thing decent to wear, perhaps I could get something to do. I'll look in here — I wonder — no, I know there isn't," and she stoops down to a broken box, which serves them for a seat, to look again for clothing which she knows isn't there, and yet it's something to do. She pulls out bundles of rag, a torn novel, the *cover* of a Bible, and then — O, what does she snatch so eagerly, hold it up, gaze on it with a holier, brighter look in her handsome face, press it to her lips, clasp it to her heart, and burst into an hysterical fit of weeping? What is it? A very faded, torn, and dirty

thing, but how valued by that young and sorrowing mother — a little child's frock! Moments pass by unheeded; she knows not how long she is seated on the hard ground; her child is in her arms again, its soft, warm face pressed against hers, its little fingers tightly fastened in the long hair, so smooth and glossy, its innocent heart beating against her weak but happy one. The sweet roses are creeping in at the window of the clean, white cottage *he* had hired for her, and the door opens, her brother enters, she wakes from her dream, and she is holding in her wan hands all that remains of the happy past. "Ay, take it from her, though she holds it so fast. It's no good crying, the child's in Heaven safe enough. Emma, get up; don't cry; I've such a good thought. He's refused to help me again — refused, as he got in his carriage; but I'll pay him out. I've seen a picture, that put me in mind of

it. I had threepence, and I bought it. I'll do it, that I will, and then go to prison. I shall have a home and food there."—"What, James, *murder* him!" said Emma, in a low, distinct whisper, as she gazed on the horrid print. "Yes," he answers—such a yes, like the hiss of a serpent. She understood it all now; a long, long shriek burst from her very heart, and she flung her arms tightly round his neck, with the energy of despair. Again the door opens, but to admit a very different being. "My good, young woman, what's the matter?" says a rich, kind voice; "can I be of any use?"—"Yes! yes! save him, if you are a Christian! Save him!" shrieks the girl, unloosing her grasp from her brother's neck, and seizing the arm of the stranger. "Hush! Emma; are you mad? Be quiet, will you? Don't mind her, sir, she wanders sometimes; grief has almost driven her crazy. Did you please to want any thing

here?" — "No, no; I heard this poor girl scream, and I came to see if I could be of any use." — "O, no, sir, thank you." — "Yes, you can, kind gentleman. Hear me, for pity's sake! He wanted to — yes, I will tell — he wanted to" — One blow from her brother's clenched fist, and the unfinished sentence died away in a groan, as Emma sank senseless on the ground; and the stranger is alone with her, for, as if terrified at his own act, the lad has fled. The stranger is an old man and feeble, but with a strong effort he raises the poor girl, places her head on his knee, and, with the skill and care of a tender nurse, bathes her face with some water standing in a pitcher near, and with soothing words endeavors to restore her to her senses. "Come, come, my dear, open your eyes; it's all right now, nobody shall hurt you. You're better now, ain't you? You'll smile at old Jolliffe, I know; every

body's got a smile for him," and then he chafes her hands, and removes the long, rough hair from her face, till at length she opens her large dark eyes, and gazes with astonishment at the kind old man. "There, now you *are* better, I know. Come, say you are, 'cause I know you feel so." Yes, she is better; those words are in themselves her cure; she hasn't heard such for many a long day; and pressing the old man's hand to her lips, she bursts into a shower of refreshing tears — and old Jolliffe blows his nose. In a few moments he has placed her in as comfortable a position as the scanty accommodation will allow, and he is standing beside her, listening to her sad tale — to her confession of the pride she felt in her beauty, fled and faded now — of the wages spent in dress to increase that beauty — of her trust in the vows of her master's son, who swore to marry her when she was discharged in disgrace, and how in a

few months he deserted her — and she had then walked to London, and obtained a temporary lodging with a woman in Spitalfields, where her little baby was born — and that, in hopes of being again received by the parents she had dishonored, she stole away and left her child, and found her way to her own home. But her mother was dead, and her father refused to take her in ; but at last, through her brother's entreaties, he had consented. But he soon died ; and her story having got abroad, no one would receive her, or engage her. Despised and shunned by all, unable to obtain employment, she had sunk lower and lower ; “and now,” she said, “I am good for nothing, neither fit to live nor die.” More than once has Jolliffe blown his nose during this recital, and he answers her in a tremulous voice, “No, no, don't say that, my dear ; repentance has come at the right time to fit you for both. How is it

that your brother is so poor? Cannot he get work?" — "Father never had him brought up to much, and what little he can do, don't bring in enough to keep us both. God knows what will become of us; we don't deserve any thing good." — "God is a friend to the just and unjust, my good girl, and He has raised you up an earthly protector, who will not forsake you. I will send you employment, and a few things to make your house more comfortable. It's fortunate it's summer time, that you ain't cold." — "The want of food makes us very chilly, sir. I never feel very warm — indeed, I'm cold in the night." — "Ah! true, true, you must be — you shan't be again though, please God. I remember I was too warm by a couple of blankets last night. And now, good-by for the present. My little maid shall come down to you by and by. I shall see you again soon." And away goes the old man on his

errand of mercy, with his heart full of gratitude that he has been chosen to restore joy to the sorrowful. And Emma still sits where he has left her, thinking on all that he has said, and she looks round the little room, and her eyes, heavy with the tears still hanging on their lids, grow brighter as she looks around, and the room seems brighter and her heart is lighter ; the poison of despair has passed away, and balmy Hope sits there instead.

Again the door of the hut is opened, and with a cry of joy, she flings her arms round her brother's neck. " Well, Emma, did I hurt you ? I didn't mean it. Forgive me ! I'm an altered fellow now. I went out with my heart full of murder and bad deeds, but I've come back quite different, determined to starve patiently." — " Dear Jem, there's no need to starve ; that good old man has saved us both. He is going to send us food and

work, and we shall both be happy.” — “ Well, that’s a mercy ; now I shall have no more need to ask that proud man for work. Why won’t they give it us when we want it ? ” — “ You know, Jem, he’s had so many thieves on his estate, of course he can’t take people he don’t know, after that.” Hark ! a cart stops at the door, and there’s a knock. Jem goes to open it, — who is it ? Jane, I declare, so loaded that the *butcher* has brought her in his cart. He jumps out first, and then he lifts out Jane, and she with that coquettish smile, thanks him ; and he, after pulling out all her parcels, and asking whether he shall wait to take her back again, which she refuses, drives off, and Jane enters the hut. What has that kind Jolliffe sent ? Jane kneels down to the hamper, and proceeds to empty it, first, in a dish covered with a clean cloth, a nice dinner ; then a joint for the next day, a large piece of

carpet, some tea and sugar, some loaves, and lastly, two blankets. Jolliffe was too warm last night. God bless him ! he will never be too cold, — then Jane turns to a sack, and opening it, displays to the delighted auditors the coals which it contains. Holding by each other's hands, the brother and sister have looked on, as one by one each article has been taken from the basket, and then turning away their heads, a few smothered sobs alone disturb the silence. But Jane says, "Come now, don't take on so ; see how comfortable I'm a-going to make you. Master said I was to help you clean up and put the room to rights, afore ever I came home ; and he's been a-looking for some work for you, but he ain't got none now, so the young man, please, is to come up and put the garden to rights, and clean some windows and such like, and you're to come with him if you like." A murmured "Thank you" is

all that the full hearts can say ; and then Jane goes to work in real earnest, and in a few moments something very like cleanliness and comfort had taken the place of dirt and misery. " There, now you do look a bit more comfortable, I shall go." — " When am I to come up, mum," says Jem, " and whereabouts is it ? " — " As soon as ever you've done your dinner ; and it's one of them little houses facing the river, the furthest on 'em from here. Ask for Mr. Jolliffe, every one knows *my* master." One would think it was the prime minister Jane was talking of. " Thank you, mum, I'll be sure and come," and picking up her basket, away goes little Jane, thinking all the time what a nice ride she had had in the butcher's cart. Arrived at home, she hurries into the parlor to recount her adventures to her master, but he has a visitor with him, so she is obliged to keep her story for another op-

portunity, which is a sad disappointment to Jane, for she does love to have something to talk about, — in short, any excuse to talk, — so that you may hear her at her work chattering to the things she is using. “Well, there I’ve been out all the morning, so I haven’t cleaned you, Mr. Kettle; come along, and let me polish up your old face. Why, what a dent you’ve got in your side, and you *do* get so smoked on that parlor hob. Now, pussy, I’ve got nothing for you yet; at one o’clock you shall have something. Why, you stupid old clock! you’re not right, you’re too fast: how you *do* go! Now, chair, I must stand upon you, and put that clock right. There, that’ll do. La! bless me, potatoes, you’re not peeled; so you won’t be done by dinner time. Well, I must cut about, and make up for lost time.” Thus did Jane talk to her mute companions, while Jolliffe conversed with his talkative one.

She was one of the few people in the world whom Jolliffe didn't like, for on her tongue was the slime of ill-nature, and no one escaped its poison. Mrs. Friend was a gossip; her husband, fortunately for him, died a year or two after their marriage, and no one had since felt the slightest inclination to take his place, so that Mrs. Friend found it convenient to say she could not get over the loss of her dear Ebenezer, and had refused all offers. She had no little Friends, and therefore her sole employment consisted in sitting at the window and intellectually watching the movements of her neighbors. She was a favorite with many of her acquaintance, for she always agreed with every one, and they were all "loves" and "dears" and the "best creatures in existence." "That's your maid just coming in, isn't it? Do you find yourself comfortable with her, sir?" — "Yes ma'am, quite." — "Well,

that's a good thing, and a rare thing too ; for servants are such a set, so discontented, so ungrateful, and lazy, that one feels more inclined to do the work one's self than have any thing to do with them." — " I can't say I think so, ma'am. I am very much obliged to my little maid for all that she does for me, and I do what I can to make the place light and easy to her, so that we are as comfortable as can be." — " Ah ! then sir, every one's not like you." — " No, ma'am, many people are a great deal better. I'm quite sure good masters make good servants ; and if you treat them like fellow creatures, with kindness and consideration, they'll serve you well ; if you don't, they won't. We've none of us learnt the Christian creed well enough to love those who despitefully use us, — not the best educated amongst us, — how then can we expect it from those who've had no education at all ? " — " Very

true, sir; but look at Mrs. Fairfield, how she treats her servants, and yet the upper housemaid was so saucy to her the other day, she was obliged to send her off at a moment's notice." — "Very likely; I don't say they are perfect, there's good and bad of all sorts; but how often do we poor mortals offend our Master, and where should we be if he turned us off at a moment's notice? Ah! ma'am, we must learn to bear and forbear, if we expect to be happy in this world. Why, now, there's my little maid, sometimes she's put out, and she'll come in here with my boots, or something in her hand, and fling 'em down quite in a pet. Well, instead of saying, "Jane, why did you do that? or what are you in a passion for? I say, 'Thank you, Jane, there's a good girl;' and she looks up and smiles at me, just as if all was right; and in another moment I hear her singing in the kitchen." — "Ah! you're a

good creature ; I wish more were like you. Do you know Miss Burton?" — " Yes, what a sweet pretty creature she is !" — " Yes, she's pretty, but I don't think she's much heart, she so soon got over that affair about that young lieutenant. We all thought the blow would have killed her, yet a day or two after she was playing with her little brother and sister in the garden as if nothing had happened." — " Well, ma'am, that showed her good sense and kind heart. It was no use making her mother and brothers and sisters wretched, because she was wretched ; weeping, and pining, might have brought him back from sea, but it couldn't bring him back from the long journey he's gone now ; and to give up her own selfish feelings for the good of others, is the surest way for her to meet him again ; and what's the good of fretting, when a thing can't be helped? the only way is to be resigned

under the affliction. Why, when I was a young man, I was very sweet upon a young girl just about my own age, and a pretty merry little gypsy she was. Her father was uncommon partial to me, and I was forever in their house; he'd do any thing I asked him, and so I thought I should like nothing better than to make Amy my wife. Well, one day I screwed myself up to the point, and went down in the hay-field to her for the purpose of asking. There she was sitting on a mound of hay, looking as serious as you please. 'She's thinking of me, dear little soul!' says I to myself. So I went to her, and I said, 'Amy!' She looked up, and there were tears in her eyes! and she seized my hand, and said, 'Dear John, I want to ask you a favor; will you do it?' — 'Will I, Amy? trust me, that's all.' — 'Well,' says she, 'dear John, I want you to coax my father to let me marry Will Brown.'

You might have knocked me down with a feather, but do you think I was going to be so selfish as to vex her little warm heart by seeing how grieved I was? Not I; I only wished she hadn't said 'dear John.' However, I said, 'Ask him, Amy? to be sure I will, and make him consent too.' You should have seen her eyes sparkling through her tears, like diamonds in a clear stream, and she said, 'Bless you, John! thank you!' That was worth more to me than a bank note. I coaxed the old man to consent, danced at the wedding, kissed the bride, and in a couple more years was rewarded with a little angel wife of my own." — "Ah, good soul! good soul!" says Mrs. Friend, glancing up to the ceiling, and keeping time with her hands on her knees. But her eyes soon got tired of the monotony of the ceiling, where there was nothing to be seen but the flies whirling round and round and bobbing

up against one another as if they were playing at "kiss in the ring;" so they mechanically turned to their old station the window, and there they saw Jem and Emma at the gate. "Why, Mr. Jolliffe, there's Jem Miller and his sister at your gate, and your maid is actually letting them in." — "Yes, ma'am, I know, they've come to work." — "Come to work! do you know who they are?" — "Yes, ma'am, poor people who want food and employment." — "But, my good sir, that woman isn't respectable." — "That's no reason why she should starve, my dear lady." — "Well, I wouldn't have such a creature within a mile of my house, if I could help it." — "Excuse me, ma'am, but I think those who say so are worse than the poor creature; by shunning her, pointing at her, and refusing to give her employment, you drive her into more wickedness, and many of her sins are on your head." Mrs.

Friend has an answer ready cut and dried, but she hasn't the pleasure of saying it, for this is such an excellent opportunity for Jane to come in, that she could'nt think of losing it, so she bounces into the room with, "Please sir, the young man and woman's come." — "Ask them to step in here, Jane." — "Yes, sir." How can we describe Mrs. Friend's indignation on hearing this frightful deviation from propriety! Ask such people into the parlor, and where *she* was too? — good gracious! She gradually rose from her seat, as Emma and Jem crossed the passage from the kitchen, and as they entered the room, she rose with the dignity of a lady mayoress to Jolliffe, and gathering up her dress round her, she gave one long, scrutinizing gaze at the poor abashed creatures, and with a heavy sigh, walked out of the room, and out of the house. Gently, gently, Mrs. Friend; let that soft breeze, which is cool-

ing your cheek, flushed with anger, remind you who and what you are, and that sun, whose brightness you cannot look on, teach you your insignificance ; — the little stones silently remind you, that one of them you dare not cast at the poor creature you are shunning. Stay the angry words rising in your heart ; listen to the still small voice which tells you that angels are singing over that heart-broken, erring, but repentant girl ; then on your knees ask pardon for your sin, and you will hear those bright-eyed angels rejoicing over *you*.

Little Lucy had gone for a walk, for she had no fear of being alone in the village where all knew and loved the pretty child ; and now she is coming home by the river's side, watching the swans pluming themselves on the bank, and building all sorts of castles in the air ; for she was a great aerial architect, and drew plans for such paradises

where Jolliffe and she and Jane were to dwell, when she was a woman, and how some one, no matter who, was to leave her a great fortune, and she was to give grandad, as she'd learnt to call him, every thing in the world he wanted, and Jane too, and nobody was to be poor or wretched for miles round ; and the Morrises were to have a pretty cottage close to theirs, and all poor weavers were to become men of immense property. And such happy thoughts were busy in her brain, when she saw a young girl coming towards her whom she knew slightly, followed by a gentleman, handsomer and gayer than any Lucy had ever seen ; and he was talking to the girl, who didn't appear to answer him, and seemed frightened and flurried ; and Lucy ran to meet her, and took her hand ; the girl seemed much pleased to see her, and asked her to walk home with her : but before Lucy could reply, the stran-

ger, who had looked intently at the child, siezed her arm and eagerly asked her her name. Startled by his vehemence, Lucy made no answer, and looked round for her companion, and was still more frightened when she saw her hurrying on many paces in advance. Again the stranger asked her name, and thinking she might escape if she answered, quickly said, "Lucy : may I go now ?" — "Lucy what ? have you no other name ?" — "They only call me Lucy." — "Have you a father ?" again he asked. The child had till now kept her eyes on the ground ; but at this question she raised them to her interrogator's face ; — those large, earnest eyes ; but soft and beautiful as was their gaze, it seemed to pain him, and he turned away his head as she answered, "No, Lucy has no one, but a kind old gentleman who takes care of her." — "No mother, child ?" — "No, — may I go now ?" —

"Yes, but where do you live?" — "Just down here." — "Go, then, and be a good little girl, — there, take that to buy sugar-plums with," and tossing her half a sovereign, he walked on. "What a fool I am! But she was so like; how confoundedly those fellows will laugh at me for letting that girl slip! Well, I could not help it!" And little Lucy ran home as fast as her tiny feet would carry her, in at the back door, and into Jolliffe's arms without stopping. The tale was soon told. "Bless me! that's singular; what was he like, my dear?" — "There he goes, there he goes, grandad!" shrieked the child, pointing to the window, "That? why, I know him well; it's Sir Henry Woodbridge. Ay, ay, that's not unlikely: if it should be! I must think it over. Lucy, now go into the kitchen; there's a poor young woman there in great distress, so go and see if you can amuse her." — "O,

yes, I'll show her my doll, shall I?" — "Do, darling, run along." And taking her doll from the sofa, where she had put it to sleep as she called it, she ran with it into the kitchen. Emma was there at work, greatly to Jane's delight, who had some one to talk to, and she had her history from the very beginning, and in return she had told her Lucy's history; and Emma, with a sad sigh, had said she was just the age her child would be if it was living, and Jane had assured her that it was living, that it *must* be, and brought up, no doubt, by some great lady, and riding about in a carriage as fine as you please. O, here's dear little Lucy! And the child, laden with her doll and two or three picture books, entered the kitchen. At first the sad, poverty-stricken look of the stranger frightened her, and instead of going to her as she intended, she went to Jane and took hold of her gown. But Emma turned

round and smiled, — and something in that smile reassured her; she ran towards her, and in a few moments had clambered into her lap. “Your hair is so rough; let Lucy do it — she always does Jane’s.” And before Emma could reply, Lucy had pulled down her luxuriant hair and was busily arranging it. Whether it was the child’s sweet murmuring voice or the sensation of the little fingers in her hair, but something touched a chord in poor Emma’s heart, and she burst into tears. Lucy left off her employment, and gazed for a minute on the sorrow she was so unaccustomed to witness, and then gently murmured, “Don’t cry! grandad will give you some dinner.” Still the tears flowed on, and again she whispered more earnestly, “*Indeed* he will, and you mustn’t cry, because grandad says, God doesn’t like any one to cry or be miserable; he never lets Lucy cry.” — “Lor, Emma!” says

Jane, "now don't begin to fret ; we never has no fretting here ; does us, Miss Lucy ? " Fortunately, at this moment, Jolliffe came into the kitchen, and a few of his kind words soothed the weeping girl, and in a short time all was peace again.

Once more we shift the scene to London, — great London, — broiling in the heat of a July sun, and we see before us a house we recognize where we have once paid a visit before. A splendid cab is at the door, and a boy holding the horse, who is shaking his head and jingling his silver harness, as if giving warning to that very diminutive individual that if he doesn't immediately let go, and allow him to start off according to his pleasure, he shall be under the painful necessity of knocking him down. But the occasional, "Woah, pretty fellow ! steady, Don ! " soothes his irritated feelings, and he is contented with leaving his mark on the road, by

digging it up with his iron hoof. We may again ascend a staircase we have trodden before, and enter the selfsame room, filled with flowers, birds, gold-fish, couches, ottomans, and shaded from the rays of the scorching sun. It is a retreat worthy of its lovely inhabitant, who is seated on a low chair near a window opening into a conservatory, in which plays a miniature fountain, not the least beautiful ornament of the room being the fine boy who stands beside her. "My dear Marston, I'm bored to death with you; won't you kiss mamma, and go up to Milton?" — "No, stay wis you," lisped the spoilt son and heir. "Then you are very naughty, Marston, sir, and I don't know what I *shall* do with you. Come, like mamma's brave boy, do as she asks you, go and play with baby." A pettish stamp, and pout of the rich red lip was the only answer. The lady threw herself back in her chair,

and, sighing, said half aloud, "I wish to fate Henrh was here, I never can manage this child." Quickly were her wishes gratified, for the door suddenly opened, and a voice exclaimed, "Ah! papa's beauty." In an instant the child was clinging round his neck. "Why, Evelyn, he's been crying; there's a tear upon his eyelash." — "No, love, he has'nt; he's been a little cross because I wanted him to go to the nursery." — "My dear Evelyn, you tease the child so." — "Tease him! O Henry! how can you say so?" — "Well, my dear girl, I don't wish to annoy you, but really, all your partiality is for baby, and poor Marston is invariably in disgrace. He shall go in the cab, with papa, shan't he? Papa will take him up to be dressed." — "Hat, feathers?" said the child. — "Yes, darling, hat and feathers on;" — and Sir Henry, with his delighted boy, left the room. Lady Evelyn had made

no reply to this last speech, but, as the tears filled her eyes, murmured, "I wish we had no children, they are constant causes of disagreement ; I wish, — O, I wish I was Evelyn Stewart again ; I had no troubles then." Yes, fair lady, four years passed in splendid idleness, in an elegant mansion, with servants at your command, have effaced from your mind all recollection of the eighteen years passed in a lodging with a widowed mother, struggling on a scanty pittance to keep up appearances ! You forget, in one little moment of irritation, that your husband took you from your sad life to share his rich and noble home, and placed your poor mother out of the reach of want ! Drive away, then, such discontent, send back the tears, and, in remembering so much love and kindness, forget one angry word. The door opens again, but it is not Sir Henry this time, no, the groom of the chambers.

"I beg your pardon, my lady, I thought Sir Henry was here." — "No, Barnett; what is it?" — "An old man and little girl wish to speak with Sir Henry." — "Who are they? did they give no name?" — "They appear country folks, my lady, — gave the name of Jolliffe." — "O, admit them then, certainly. Sir Henry has a great respect for Mr. Jolliffe." — "Where shall I show them, my lady?" — "Here;" and in a few moments Jolliffe found himself in the presence of Lady Evelyn. This somewhat disconcerted him, for it was the husband, not the young and trusting wife who was to hear the tale he had to tell. He felt uncomfortable in her presence, and her earnest gaze at his young companion seemed to worry him. He gave unmeaning answers to her questions, and in short, good, benevolent Jolliffe seemed as confused as one plotting mischief, instead of good. For half an hour we will leave them,

and see what has become of Sir Henry. He is not gone, for the cab is still at the door. In his study, perhaps. Yes, there he is, lounging in an arm chair, with his feet on the back of another; his white fingers run through his hair, and on the ground by his side a fine Scotch terrier eyeing somewhat curiously a man who is standing on the other side of the table. Tall, pale, and muscular, but excessively ragged and dirty, he forms a strange contrast to the elegant being he is conversing with. "My good man," says Sir Henry, "this is the fourth time you have been to me begging, and always, according to your own account, starving, although you never look so; how do you expect me to believe you?" The man twirls his cap, and makes no answer. "Where do you say you live?" — "Crown Court, sir." — "I sent my servant there, and he couldn't find you." — "We arn't got a

house of our own, sir ; its *hup* a two pair back as we lives ; p'raps it was along o' that as they couldn't find it ; one room we has, six on us, not counting the baby." — " Very uncomfortable, I dare say ; but, my friend, if you'll call it to your recollection, I put you and your family into one of my houses, and you didn't like it." — " There was so much work, sir, and my wife never was well, which we 'tribited to the deal of stone which was about the place, — keeping up so many fires, too, was more than one person could do." — " One ! I thought yóu said there were six." — " So there is six on us, sir ; then I'm out at work, and so is my biggest boy, and the biggest gal she's out at service ; there was only my wife, and the other two, to do the work of your house." — " One and two are three." — " But they two isn't old enough to work, sir. But it wasn't so much the work, as 'cause it didn't agree

with my wife ; poor people can't afford to be ill, sir." — "Very true ; what is your wife doing to support herself now ?" — "Nothing, sir." — "O, I suppose she finds that agree with her better ? And pray, what do you get a week ?" — "I arn't got nothing to do, sir, now ; it was such very hard work, and such poor pay, so I gave it up, sir." — "Ah ! and the biggest boy, as you call him, what does he get ?" — "I took him away too, sir ; it wasn't much of a place, they didn't half feed him." — "Indeed, then, you are all living upon *nothing* ! You find it wholesomer for your wife, and pleasanter for your child. Now, four different times I have listened with attention to your story ; four different times I have given you employment, which has met with your disapprobation ; four different times I have given you money ; so now, for the fifth and last time, I will give you more : take that," —

and Sir Henry rose and placed a sovereign in the man's hand, — "for you shall not go out of my house, and tell my well fed servants I have left you to starve. It is my firm impression that you are an idle, dirty set, and I am making you thieves by giving you money which belongs to the more deserving. Now go; and when you and your family are honestly employed, and doing your best to earn a subsistence, I will assist you, and not till then. Good morning, my friend." And the man shook his head, and sighing heavily, walked out of the room and the house, and as the door closed after him, muttered, "He'd be a bigger fool than me, as 'ud go there any more; Jenny won't see the color o' this neither. I ai'nt had a drop o' drink since yesterday morning."

"If you please, Sir Henry, my lady wishes to speak to you." — "Coming, Barnett. Is Marston ready?" — "No, sir, I

think not." — "What a time he is!" And whistling to his dog, Sir Henry sauntered up stairs.

It was a different scene which now presented itself, on opening the door of the boudoir, to that of half an hour ago. Lady Evelyn was no longer lounging with her usual indolence in an easy chair, nursing her baby, or playing with the boy, but standing erect, one arm thrown round the neck of a little stranger child, whose pale face and black dress looked sadder still by the side of the gaily attired and beautiful Lady Evelyn; an old man was seated at a little distance from them, whose face Sir Henry remembered well, and holding out his hand to him, said, "My dear Mr. Jolliffe, how d'ye do? Why, this is the little girl I met the other day; you are her kind protector, then?" — "I am, sir." — "She's very pretty, isn't she Evelyn?" — "Very, Henry,

and so is her *mother*." Jolliffe been making mischief! — No ; do not disgrace him by such a thought. Lady Evelyn's suspicions aroused, her questionings had been too much for his guileless nature, and the story was told. "Her mother? Child, you said you had no mother." — "We thought her dead, sir," answered Jolliffe for the bewildered child; "but I have found her still living, though almost in a state of starvation." Sir Henry's boot hurt him, and he stooped to adjust it. "Dear Henry," said Lady Evelyn, "it is a very sad history, and I will tell it you when we are *alone*; but I sent for you now, that you might give Mr. Jolliffe something for this little girl's mother, and we can talk over other arrangements for her afterwards, and let Mr. Jolliffe know." Sir Henry looked fixedly at his wife, but her sweet, soft gaze altered not. "Will you, love?" again she asked. "O, certainly my dear,

have you spent the ten pound note I gave you this morning ? ” — “ No, but I did not like to give it without asking you. Here it is.” And the little trembling white hand held it out to him. He gave it to Jolliffe ; the door flew open, and Marston entered equipped for his promised drive. Lady Evelyn started, withdrew her arm from Lucy’s neck and looked up at her husband. The boy stopped for an instant at the sight of the strangers, and then went nearer to Lucy and stared at her. There was a dead silence. He went nearer still, and taking her hand, said, “ Kiss boy.” Lucy hesitated, but a look from Jolliffe reassured her, and putting her little arm round his neck, she kissed him affectionately. Still there was silence. Lady Evelyn turned to the flower-stand behind her, Sir Henry found his boot troublesome again, and Jolliffe blew his nose. He was the first to break the

silence, by telling Lucy it was time to go. Sir Henry rang the bell, and in a few moments Jolliffe, and the little girl for whom he had exerted himself so much, were wending their way towards home. As soon as the door had closed, Sir Henry crossed the room and throwing his arms round Lady Evelyn, who laid her head upon his shoulder, murmured, "My own darling, noble wife!"

Jolliffe hasn't spoken much all the way; he has been thinking of his next task, how to finish the good work he has begun. So, immediately after dinner, he sends Jane for Emma, and when she arrives, bids Jane take Lucy with her. First he spoke of the weather, then of the work she had to do for him, of all the people in the village, in short of every thing but what he wanted her to hear. At last he summoned courage. "I took Lucy to-day to see a grand friend of

mine, such a beautiful house, she was so pleased, and so was my friend with her. Nice man, Sir Henry Woodbridge." — "O Mr. Jolliffe! that was the name of" — Jolliffe rose and took her hand. "Now, Emma, you're going to be very quiet, and listen to me. You will be very quiet." — "O, yes. Speak! speak! you have seen him, — I know you have, — my child!" And her fingers clenched Jolliffe's convulsively. "Ah! now you must have some water, and then I'll tell you," and he handed her a glass; — but she motioned it away, and looked up at him beseechingly. "Well, there, see how I spoil you! I suppose I must tell you. First, Sir Henry sends you that," and he placed the money in her hand, but she pushed it aside and murmured, "My child!" — "Emma, your child is alive, — well — happy, — and I've brought her here." She covered her face tightly with

her hands, and no sound escaped her, no sound could express her feelings. Jolliffe crept into the kitchen, and brought back Lucy (to whom Jane had been breaking the news) and placed her before Emma. "Mother!" she said, as she laid her little head on Emma's knee. The hands were moved from her face, and with a cry of intense delight, the poor mother clasped her child to her heart; and Jolliffe, who was eagerly watching the scene, fell into a chair and actually wept; and Jane stood at the door, soaking her apron with tears and making more noise than all. "I know'd it 'ud be all right, — I was sure on it; you poor old apron, you'll be soaked through, that you will; goodness knows what we're all crying for now; I never was so upset, that I never wasn't!" And thus talking and sobbing, Jane returned to the kitchen, and Jolliffe and Emma sat down to talk of the future, and

wonder at the past. How Emma kept looking at Lucy, and, in the pauses of the conversation, whispering "*my* child;" and how, every time she did, Jolliffe looked delighted and rubbed his hands; and how astonished Jem was, when he heard it, cannot be described, so we won't try, but content ourselves with telling what we can, namely, Morris's speech next time they dined there, which was the following Sunday, in company with Mrs. Francis. "I ain't a speaker, and therefore shan't try to make a speech, but only ask all on you to jine me in drinking this toast, which I'm sure you will: — Many more years of health, and happiness, to the best man in England, and God bless him! There ain't no need to name him, I know." — "Mr. Jolliffe, and God bless him!" echoed all the voices. There was indeed no need to name him, it was written on their hearts. Emma had been asked to

the dinner, but had declined, yet with her child's hand fast locked in hers, had uttered the same deep and earnest prayer, that "God would indeed bless old Jolliffe." And he *has* blessed him; for the old man lays his head upon the pillow, with the conviction that he has done an essential service to a fellow creature, and what blessing in this world of ours can equal that? — what feeling bring in its train so many holy, happy ones, as the knowledge that we have soothed the mourner's heart, brought back peace to the despairing, and that, in place of bitter drops of anguish, smiles are shining like sunbeams through tears of joy? And each night might we lie down with the same blessing upon us, and that with little trouble to ourselves, — the clouds which shadow the sunny face of childhood chased by some toy or sweetmeat, an hour passed with some suffering invalid, which you have made fly quick-

er by your presence, and so taken one from the long twenty-four, made longer still by pain and suffering,—a cheering look or kindly word to the sorrowing,—and, above all, gentle entreaty and good example to those who, from stronger temptation, are less righteous than ourselves. This,—ay, and much more than this,—is in our power, if we would but exert it, if we would but remember the precepts of Him whose name we bear, and, instead of “JUDGING,” pity and “LOVE ONE ANOTHER.”

THE END.

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